



FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 14.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):
 PER MONTH.....30c.
 PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 31.....No. 10,678

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
 WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1237 BROADWAY,
 between 114th and 115th sts., New York.
 BROOKLYN—360 FULTON ST. HARTLEY—
 News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.
 PHILADELPHIA—PA.—Lancaster Building,
 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610
 14TH ST.
 LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFAL-
 GAR SQUARE.

THE CHILDREN'S TREE.

In a very little while and Christmas will be near. It is not too soon to begin at once preparations for the tree which THE EVENING WORLD's readers wish to give to the poor children. There is no possibility of overdoing the work, for the children will hold out longer than the trees.

Let kind-hearted women, then, take up this idea with the vigor and interest that it deserves. Feminine ingenuity is clever at devising means for helping on works of charity. Give to these poverty-stricken boys and girls a jolly Christmas. Let them feel that they come in for a share in the happiness which the season brings.

And the kind-hearted men! Well, they have their pocketbooks, and if they want to help, let them go right into those useful things and send money contributions. The children, too, can do something for the poor boys and girls. They have been very good workers in the past, and their soft young hearts should be moved at the thought of giving a "merry Christmas" to those who will not have one unless it is provided for them by others.

All that is needed is good will. There will probably be no lack of that. A willing horse needs no spurring. Now, then, to begin.

FIRE? OR DIET?

A Paris paper requested a number of prominent French literateurs to grow the preference in the matter of cremation or inhumation. ZOLA, DAUDET, COPPUS, SYLVESTRE, LOYSON, JULES SIMON, SARCEY and SANDOZ are among those who replied.

Several of them avowed they were disinclined to either, which was rather a common-sensical answer. Several very sensibly declared that they thought the disposition of their remains a matter for their relatives who survived to determine. Two or three preferred cremation. SANDOZ was enthusiastically in favor of it.

What is done with the cast-off body ought to be a matter of supreme indifference to the person who owned it. Elaborate directions about the disposal of their corpses seems to argue a degree of unpleasant conscientiousness in the persons who give them.

COLLEGE BOYSTERING.

A conflict between "town and gown" at Ann Arbor has resulted in a student's death at the hands of the State militia and serious injury to the leader of the company. It is said that the man in command had no right to such authority.

When every allowance is made for the natural exuberance of animal spirits in young fellows, the silly, outrageous conduct of college students out for a lark is to be reprobated. They infringe on the rights and property of inoffensive citizens and usually offend with impunity. This sort of thing should be suppressed. Athletics are enough of a safety-valve for effervescent physical strength and youthful sprightliness.

FREE LECTURES.

Nearly three years ago THE EVENING WORLD worked to secure free lectures for the people. The late Senator REILLY got the bill passed which provided for this useful work. The course for this year begins next week, and lectures will be given in several of the grammar schools every Monday and Thursday evening.

The good which these lectures by men eminent in the respective fields from which they draw their matter is beyond question. Everything that perfects a man improves the citizen, and the better the citizen the better the government.

Mr. PORTER is amusing. In his letter to Mr. FORTUNE he says that inferences from the vital statistics are of "little value in the face of the exact count of the people." Mr. PORTER is too funny. When there are ten persons present and each one is counted, there is certainly no sense in trying to reason out that there are only seven. Right you are, Mr. PORTER. But where does the "exact count" come in?

Supt. BYRNES has given Supt. PORTER a Roland for his Oliver. PORTER supplied him with the police enumerators. BYRNES now offers to furnish photographs of some of PORTER's conscientious census-takers, taken from the Rogues' Gallery.

Doctor KOCH will not reveal the secret of his cure. This is unnecessary. Provided only that it is shown to cure and to effect no ill, and Dr. KOCH has done enough for the public without making it his confidant.

Judge McADAM's election expenses were more than \$14,000. Of this \$10,000 went to Tammany. It makes one wonder if the other candidates tell straight stories about the amounts they spent.

German frauens are getting just too mad for anything over those mean American girls who come over and walk off with the handsomest male Tontons. It is too bad.

Gen. HANCOCK once said that Tariff was a local issue. In the recent elections it was so universally local as to be general.

cludes his exemplary career. It is full enough now, but every added year is so much more of dignity and glory to his sheaf of fine deeds.

Now Hoboken has made a little gentle rustic kick over its count, which it says was about 5,000 short. Justice should be done even to Hoboken.

The P. M. L.'s disbursements during the campaign were \$50,000. Think how many tons of coal this would have furnished the poor this Winter.

The official returns from Pennsylvania shows PATTERSON's plurality to be 16,554. And THE WORLD did it.

Mrs. APPLEMAN keeps her grandchild in a pig-pen. No apple-woman could be as wicked as this.

REED's seat will not be contested say late reports. But they do not say he will not be sat upon.

Like an echo comes the news that South Dakota has gone Democratic.

Truly Africa may be called the "Dark Continent."

How Mr. BLAINE seems to have grown lately.

Broadway's name is mud. Oh, BEATIE!

SPOTLETS.

Now, isn't it a paradox for two persons to read their lives together because they refuse to read their lives together?

The "copper" who said, "Hello, Williams!" must have thought he had struck a sweet William.

"The stars are not sustained," said GORDON when the bill came home from Mrs. G.'s dress-maker.

There is no more in the future to go slow when he wants to go fast.

First Adam's fall caused all.

The human race is in a deplorable state.

Each man has his own way of looking at things.

Many a man is in the stocks now who wishes he wasn't. Wall street stooge.

Kleptomaniacs might be called a harmless crime.

Mark Twain once had some verses on a conductor.

Now he has some verses on one.

The More Fair is a good thing for the railway companies, who always make out of the fare.

It is strange to see a man trot up to a bar to be submitted.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

"What an unlucky fellow Fairwater is," remarked a friend of ex-Judge Holmes today. "He has one of the most promising candidates for a Police Judge'ship, and now that the Police Judge case is made public he can't be appointed."

The liquor dealers are urging the appointment of the "Good" Fred Coble to one of the vacant Police Judge'ships. They say that this would be due to their assistance at the late election. That Mayor Grant can appoint two Republicans—Gibbs and Smith—has in favor of his organization is doubted. Smith is said to be a dealer.

Charles W. Ridgway, nephew of Immigration Commissioner Edgar L. Ridgway, has been appointed assistant to the Counsel to the Corporation at a salary of \$3,600.

Footmaster Van Cotten's appointment of Alderman George Gregory to the vacant seat on the Board of Public Works is believed to be a necessary move to get a position in the Federal Building.

WORLDLINGS.

Leonidas M. Miller, one of the new Congressional representatives from Wisconsin, is a native, full-blooded Greek. He was a wall papered upon the battlefield of Mississippi, in 1874, and took the name of his preserver, Col. J. P. Miller, of Vermont.

Women doctors can now practice in all parts of the Russian Empire. They are obliged to wear a certain decoration to denote their profession.

As an instance of the wonderful fecundity of vegetable life, an asparagus that a single tobacco plant will produce 500,000 seeds.

C. F. Gutierrez, the Chicago confectioner, possesses among his manuscripts several that are almost invaluable. Some of them are the originals of "Home Sweet Home," "Lead Kindly Light," "Auld Lang Syne" and "Swanee." "Lead Kindly Light," Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, the Boston novelist, is a woman of great beauty. She is of medium height, with a fair complexion and a pair of expressive brown eyes. Her hair is brown and curly.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Centre-Buster Bower, of the University of Pennsylvania, who plays such a hard game for his side, is a light-weight who scales 205 pounds in his canvas jacket. This is his last year in the Medical School.

Johnny O'Keefe, who sports in the 145-pound class, is a very popular boxer. He is a very lively member of the West End Athletic Club.

E. W. Clesterman belongs to a club with a reputation for turning out clever boxers—the South American Club of Jersey City. He is no exception to the rule. He is among the most expert fighters of the gloves in the Club. His friends say if he were heavier he would be among the conspicuous middle-weights of the amateur world.

AT THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

(From Park.)

Mrs. Babin Roy—I suppose it's stealing, but I'm going to take a leaf out of that lovely specimen there. If I get killed for it.

Monseigneur the Inquisitor—Hail not the plumes of an angel's acquaintance.

Lecture Note.

"How would you like some eggs this morning?" asked the waiter politely to a lecturer out West, who was scanning the bill of fare.

Oh, they're all right for breakfast, but you can't have the couple, but they attack me very unfavorably last night.

Time is the Last.

When you look for furniture cheaper than at GEO. C. FLETCHER CO., 145th St., near 6th Ave.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions that Delight the Gentler Sex.

The V-Shaped Bodice for Dinner and Evening Dress to Continue This Winter—The Preferred Stationery—Pearls and Their Owners.

Advance fashion plates show that the V-shaped bodice for dinner and evening dress is to continue the fashion. And it is likewise shown that trains will "obtain" for all formal and ceremonious occasions.

Boys and Girls Asked to Swell the Christmas Tree Fund.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD'S subscription list for the Christmas Tree Fund shows a total of \$100.00.

The close approach of Christmas time has little of joy to thousands of bright-eyed children in this great city. It is a time of suffering from cold and inclement weather, the gloom which fills the life of their more fortunate neighbors only throws into depressing contrast the deprivations, the hardships of their own existence.

Unless the spirit of Christmas brings to these children of the alleys a substantial redress of the abundance of Christmas sympathy the celebration of the anniversary of the Saviour's birth is but a bitter mockery.

To the great-hearted readers of THE EVENING WORLD this is the appeal made for aid in making Christmas Day, 1890, a bright and grateful epoch in the lives of these destitute little ones—these scantily clad, often barefooted, hungry, neglected boys and girls—to assist in giving them the warm garments, the saving food, a toy, a picture, a book, something to gladden their little eyes and make them feel that there is in the world great human hearts which extend to them, even the poorest, the sympathies and love for our fellows incarnated in the Master.

Children in the tenements, comfortable homes or sparse care a little, the well-to-do man or woman can share a trifle of his or her Christmas expenditure with the neglected ones; the rich can lay up inexpressible spiritual treasures by benefactions to the ways of poverty. All and each can help to make the coming Christmas memorable in New York City's annals.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree Fund is designed solely to bring Christmas gifts to those who would otherwise be absolutely deprived of the semblance thereof. The greater the total of the fund, the more widespread the beneficence. Let everybody help.

By its means many a shivering, weak little form is protected from exposure to the elements; many a hungry one is fed; many a little heart is swelled with joy and gratitude at being remembered in the world's great holiday distribution.

"THE INSPECTOR"

A series of vivid, well-drawn pictures of metropolitan life were presented last night at the new Park Theatre, under the title of "The Inspector." They had been connected and woven into a story by Mr. Will H. Wilson, a young newspaper writer, whose familiarity with the outside workings of the Police Department certainly fitted him for the task.

Occasionally the cohesiveness of the story was lacking, and the realistic episodes stood alone, sans background.

A general remark, however, Mr. Wilson has done his work well, and the pictures of life in this city which will reveal in the pictures of the raid of a "fence," the West Thirtieth street police station, the Battery with its accompanying eccentricities, a real ambulance, drawn by a real horse.

"The Still Alarm," a free-drawn picture of financial prosperity, and I can see no reason why "The Inspector," shouldn't substantiate their title.

It is not funny—when you come to think about it—that stage realism should be worth the proverbial "row of pins" to theatre-goers. Men and women will cross the Brooklyn bridge every day of their lives. The journey wears out their feet, but they do not tire. They look to the theatre and applaud vigorously, thoroughly delighted. Therefore, I say, people to whom an ambulance in the street is a thing not worth turning to look at will pack the new Park Theatre to see one of them upon the stage.

The story of "The Inspector" deals with a murder committed in view of the audience, who therefore know all about it, and could give the Inspector points. The Inspector, however, attends to the case himself. His work is to solve the mystery and give him the recognition. He saves the audience from his usual eye upon the situation and save through it. The scene in his office is a very good one, and is dramatic enough to satisfy anybody.

Through the remaining acts the clues are followed and traced to the murderer, who dies, when he is discovered, of a congested heart disease. The interest in the play is added by the fact that the murderer's son has married the murdered man's daughter, but the interest in that dramatic episode is not made strong enough.

The Inspector is excellently put upon the stage. But it was suggested to Manager Dunlavy that he obviate in some way the utter darkness in which the house is twice enveloped while the scenery is changed. The intense blackness is very alarming to many, especially as the gallery boys indulge in unwholesome shrieks while it prevails.

The cast contains several of the known people. Frazer, who was the Inspector with an eye, Edwin Varney a very stage and epidemic murderer, John E. Keeler did as much as he could with a part that did not give him the opportunities he needs, and Miss Lizzie Henson Collier, as the daughter, was interesting.

Miss Annie Wood, as an old country woman, contributed the best of the character sketches, though an old lady who ventured into New York attired as was Miss Wood would probably die in the hands of a howling mob.

McKinley All Right.

Republican Merchant (bustling)—Mark up those goods 20 per cent.

Clerk—On account of the McKinley bill?

Republican Merchant (thunderously)—No, sir! On account of the—bizzard in March.

It Doctors the Returns, However.

"It's very hard," sighed the gas-meter, "I always register, but I can't vote."

Ringling Noises

In the ears, sometimes a rattling, buzzing sound or ringing like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a really successful remedy for catarrh, which it cures by radiating from the blood the impurity which causes and promotes this disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Help to Load Them With Gifts for the Children of the Alleys.

Shed the Light of Christmas Through Poverty-Stricken Homes.

Boys and Girls Asked to Swell the Christmas Tree Fund.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD'S subscription list for the Christmas Tree Fund shows a total of \$100.00.

The close approach of Christmas time has little of joy to thousands of bright-eyed children in this great city. It is a time of suffering from cold and inclement weather, the gloom which fills the life of their more fortunate neighbors only throws into depressing contrast the deprivations, the hardships of their own existence.

Unless the spirit of Christmas brings to these children of the alleys a substantial redress of the abundance of Christmas sympathy the celebration of the anniversary of the Saviour's birth is but a bitter mockery.

To the great-hearted readers of THE EVENING WORLD this is the appeal made for aid in making Christmas Day, 1890, a bright and grateful epoch in the lives of these destitute little ones—these scantily clad, often barefooted, hungry, neglected boys and girls—to assist in giving them the warm garments, the saving food, a toy, a picture, a book, something to gladden their little eyes and make them feel that there is in the world great human hearts which extend to them, even the poorest, the sympathies and love for our fellows incarnated in the Master.

Children in the tenements, comfortable homes or sparse care a little, the well-to-do man or woman can share a trifle of his or her Christmas expenditure with the neglected ones; the rich can lay up inexpressible spiritual treasures by benefactions to the ways of poverty. All and each can help to make the coming Christmas memorable in New York City's annals.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree Fund is designed solely to bring Christmas gifts to those who would otherwise be absolutely deprived of the semblance thereof. The greater the total of the fund, the more widespread the beneficence. Let everybody help.

By its means many a shivering, weak little form is protected from exposure to the elements; many a hungry one is fed; many a little heart is swelled with joy and gratitude at being remembered in the world's great holiday distribution.

"THE INSPECTOR"

A series of vivid, well-drawn pictures of metropolitan life were presented last night at the new Park Theatre, under the title of "The Inspector." They had been connected and woven into a story by Mr. Will H. Wilson, a young newspaper writer, whose familiarity with the outside workings of the Police Department certainly fitted him for the task.

Occasionally the cohesiveness of the story was lacking, and the realistic episodes stood alone, sans background.

A general remark, however, Mr. Wilson has done his work well, and the pictures of life in this city which will reveal in the pictures of the raid of a "fence," the West Thirtieth street police station, the Battery with its accompanying eccentricities, a real ambulance, drawn by a real horse.

"The Still Alarm," a free-drawn picture of financial prosperity, and I can see no reason why "The Inspector," shouldn't substantiate their title.

It is not funny—when you come to think about it—that stage realism should be worth the proverbial "row of pins" to theatre-goers. Men and women will cross the Brooklyn bridge every day of their lives. The journey wears out their feet, but they do not tire. They look to the theatre and applaud vigorously, thoroughly delighted. Therefore, I say, people to whom an ambulance in the street is a thing not worth turning to look at will pack the new Park Theatre to see one of them upon the stage.

The story of "The Inspector" deals with a murder committed in view of the audience, who therefore know all about it, and could give the Inspector points. The Inspector, however, attends to the case himself. His work is to solve the mystery and give him the recognition. He saves the audience from his usual eye upon the situation and save through it. The scene in his office is a very good one, and is dramatic enough to satisfy anybody.

Through the remaining acts the clues are followed and traced to the murderer, who dies, when he is discovered, of a congested heart disease. The interest in the play is added by the fact that the murderer's son has married the murdered man's daughter, but the interest in that dramatic episode is not made strong enough.

The Inspector is excellently put upon the stage. But it was suggested to Manager Dunlavy that he obviate in some way the utter darkness in which the house is twice enveloped while the scenery is changed. The intense blackness is very alarming to many, especially as the gallery boys indulge in unwholesome shrieks while it prevails.

The cast contains several of the known people. Frazer, who was the Inspector with an eye, Edwin Varney a very stage and epidemic murderer, John E. Keeler did as much as he could with a part that did not give him the opportunities he needs, and Miss Lizzie Henson Collier, as the daughter, was interesting.

Miss Annie Wood, as an old country woman, contributed the best of the character sketches, though an old lady who ventured into New York attired as was Miss Wood would probably die in the hands of a howling mob.

McKinley All Right.

Republican Merchant (bustling)—Mark up those goods 20 per cent.

Clerk—On account of the McKinley bill?

Republican Merchant (thunderously)—No, sir! On account of the—bizzard in March.

It Doctors the Returns, However.

"It's very hard," sighed the gas-meter, "I always register, but I can't vote."

Ringling Noises

In the ears, sometimes a rattling, buzzing sound or ringing like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a really successful remedy for catarrh, which it cures by radiating from the blood the impurity which causes and promotes this disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOW THEY ALL GOT RICH.

Uncle Bob's Story of a Boy Who Had Great Grit.

From Clerk in a Country Store to the Vice-President's Chair.

A Pleasant Surprise Party for His Former Creditors.

Another boy who started out in search of fame and fortune with nothing but a pair of willing hands, a clear head and a cheerful disposition is worth talking about, my little man.

He was a minister's little boy, and his father preached in a Congregational church up in the village of Shoreham, New Hampshire, and brought up a big family of boys and girls on a salary that was not so great as the boy pays his butter now-a-days.

This boy started in life in a country store, when he was fifteen years old. He had only what he earned, yet to-day he is sixty-four years old, is one of the best-known bankers in the world and is Vice-President of the United States.

You've guessed his name, Little Man—it is Levi Parsons Morton.

Levi was a poor man's son, but he was a willing worker, and a cheerful, good-natured, smiling lad, and he never shamed his father, Rev. Daniel O. Morton.

Rev. Mr. Morton had a salary of \$600 a year. That's about \$2 a day for week days, and nothing for Sundays. The first Morton in America was George Morton, who came from England in the good ship Ann in 1633. He was one of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and Levi is one of his great-great-grandchildren.

Levi's father could give him only such education as he could get at the village school at Shoreham and afterwards at Bristol, where they lived.

When the boy wanted to leave school at fifteen and go to work in a Concord dry-goods store the father gave his consent.

Levi worked hard and spent none of his wages in cigarettes or other foolishness, and in 1849, four years after, he had saved a little money and, what was better, had established a reputation for good business ways, and he was admitted as a member of the firm of Beebe, Morton & Co., in Boston.

For five years the young dry-goods man worked like a nigger, building up a trade for the firm and earning more money than he had ever dreamed of before. Then, in 1854, he sold out his share in the Boston store and came to live in New York.

Here he opened a dry-goods store with a Mr. Grinnell for his partner, and they started in to make money and get rich.

Morton was only thirty years old. He had spent half his young life behind the counter, and was known as one of the most pleasant of salesmen—frank, honest and a hard worker. But his new store had a hard time of it, and Morton & Grinnell found one day that their expenses were greater than their profits. The firm failed, and when everything was settled up they found that they had only half enough money to pay their debts. But they paid as far as their money would go, and then Levi P. Morton began again, and by 1858 he had saved enough money and made enough people believe in his honesty so that he could start a bank, where every man could be sure that if he trusted his money to Mr. Morton he would get it back again when he wanted it.

Just about this time Mr. Morton invited a number of men to come and take dinner at his house. They came, and every one of them was a man who had trusted Morton & Grinnell and had got only half of what the dry-goods men owed him.

When they turned over their plates for dinner every man was astonished to find under the plate enough money to pay all that the old firm had owed him, with interest.

Now, Mr. Morton was not bound by law to pay a cent of that money, and of course these men didn't expect even to get the old debt paid, and when they did get it made them think a good deal more of Levi, and they all became customers of Levi's bank.

In 1858 Mr. George Bliss became Mr. Morton's partner in the bank, and the

banking-house of Morton, Bliss & Co. has been famous all over the world ever since. In London it is known as Morton, Rose & Co., Sir John Rose being a partner there.

Once Morton, Bliss & Co. sold \$50,000,000 worth of the New York Central for William H. Vanderbilt, who didn't want so much railroad.

Still, Levi's chief characteristic was his pleasant smile and gentle, kindly ways. People liked him, and in 1878 they sent him to Congress, and the other Congressmen soon learned that he was a good man to consult with when there was any money to be spent.

When President Garfield was nominated in 1880 the Republicans wanted Levi for Vice-President. But he wouldn't have it, and after election President Garfield asked him to come to Washington and be his Secretary of the Navy. But Morton wouldn't have that either.

When the President asked him to go to Paris, though, as the representative of this great Republic in France, he took that position, and while he was there he hammered the first nail in the metal when they began to build Bartholdi's great Statue of Liberty, and on June 15, 1884, delivered a speech in Paris, accepting the statue when it was given to the American Government.

Mr. Morton came very near being elected United States Senator for the State of New York once, and in 1888 he was asked to run for Vice-President on the Republican ticket with Benjamin Harrison.

Of course, you know that Harrison and Morton won, and so the New Hampshire dry-goods clerk is Vice-President and presides over the United States Senate.